

PARKER'S SABRE CUTS RED TAPE

"Galloping Jim" Declines to Allow It to Endanger Guards' Well-Being.

EAT FIRST, KEEP BOOKS AFTERWARD

Seniority of General O'Ryan Makes Odd Situation at the Brownsville Camp.

By ROBERT H. ROHDE.

Brownsville, Tex., July 15.—After the three little prairie towns, where other New York troops are stationed, whose one-story streets start with such an ambitious electric glitter and peter out so suddenly in the brush, Brownsville looks like a dizzy metropolis.

Brownsville is the big town of the Rio Grande Valley. And it is bigger than ever now, with its sidewalks crowded with the regulars and guardsmen of "Galloping Jim" Parker's command—the biggest thing in this southernmost reach of the United States.

Here there are, besides General Parker's headquarters, the heavy garrison of Fort Brown, the camps of the Illinois and Virginia troops and some 18,000 permanent (if two-thirds Mexican) inhabitants. Restaurants that go in for more intricate dishes than the standard ham and eggs of McAllen, Pharr and Mission; hotels where a man who wants a bath with his room isn't regarded as a curiosity; business buildings that tower to a full three stories; items of local history that run back further than 1908; the only two street cars on the whole border east of El Paso, and a couple of suburbs are Brownsville's to boast of.

Something to Remember.

The most important event of recent years in Brownsville was the shooting up of the town by the negro soldiers of the 24th Infantry, followed by the administration of summary justice by Theodore Roosevelt, then President.

But many years before that, in a day when watchful waiting had not become so popular, Brownsville had achieved a distinguished place on the border map. It was through this town that General Zachary Taylor rode a horse in preference to a rocking chair, and made his entry into Mexico in 1846.

Now history, army officers believe, may be about to repeat itself. If even there comes a shortage of patience in the White House, military authorities are confident at least one expedition will go over the river from here.

Another One Ready.

In Zach Taylor's time the 4th Infantry did valiant work along the road to Monterey. To-day another 4th In-

fantry is in Fort Brown ready to start on that same road. And the general through whom the word to move will come, if it ever does, is a man with Zach Taylor's own aversion to the hobby-horse of bureaucracy, which has a great deal to do with the reason for calling him "Galloping Jim."

A soldier's soldier is General James Parker—very tall, very straight, supple, active, a man past sixty, but not past polo; a man with the wisdom of years and a tremendous youthful energy; curiously hesitant in speech, and in speech alone; built for a horse, and as dashing a rider as there is in the army; frank with all men and as pointed in manner as the ends of his trim gray moustache. There you have the outwardness of "Galloping Jim."

"Come at any time," is Galloping Jim's standing invitation, and though he often may be too busy to talk long, he never talks short.

He's Early and Late.

At his desk in the headquarters of the old Mexican town of Matamoros, General Parker has the appearance of a person of much leisure, but no one knows how many hours a day he spends there. Few see him come and few see him go. He is at once the early bird and the night owl. When it comes to working, it is just his unruffled mind that gives the suggestion of time to spare—as witness what he has accomplished.

If ever a man was impatient of red tape that man is Galloping Jim. He slashes through it with his sabre, makes confetti of it.

The general's whole plan of operation is to make the best kind of soldiers, in the shortest possible time, of the guardsmen who have come under his wing. To that end he is evolving ideas at a rapid fire rate.

From 5:30 o'clock in the morning until taps at 10 at night every guardsman's day is mapped out. Not a minute is wasted. Yet the schedule is arranged that for the seven hottest hours of the day the flogging soldiers are kept out of the sun.

Watching All Corners.

Nor does this combination father, mother and big brother at headquarters wait for the partly trained guards officers to find out the needs of their men. Witness this extract from General Order No. 16, fresh from the mimeograph, but already long in force:

"In connection with the supply arrangements of militia troops, quartermasters, ordnance officers, medical supply officers and other supply officers are informed that it is their first duty to see that militia troops are properly supplied. To accomplish this it is not sufficient to wait for the arrival of requisitions. They or their agents must visit the camp of the militia and ascertain in what respect the militia organizations are deficient and see that the articles are supplied. If the requisitions submitted by the militia contain errors the issue will be made first and the requisition corrected afterward."

The New York division, so far as "Galloping Jim" is concerned, is a unit separate from other troops in this sector. Though the divided authority which results from Major General John F. O'Ryan's seniority of rank is a military contretemps, General Parker displays as great an anxiety for the well-being of the New Yorkers as for those for whom he is personally responsible. It was he who sent Captain Alee, the chief quartermaster, to McAllen; he whose finger was pulling the strings when General O'Ryan's men were rescued from woodlands.

Two Pull Together.

In every way General Parker is pulling with his senior officer of the militia, General O'Ryan, although he knows the situation is well-nigh an impossible one. For the sake of discipline, the fetich of the army, there can't be two bosses on the job. One or the other must hold undisputed sway. Even the most amiable attempt at coordination

would in the face of the enemy invite disaster.

With the ranks of the two generals as they are, O'Ryan, had not the present insecure scheme been devised, "Galloping Jim" is a brigadier general, a peer lower than the Guard soldier from New York.

Were ranks equal General Parker, as the regular army man, would be in command. It will be interesting to see how the situation works out. "Galloping Jim" may find himself a major general shortly, which would be the best solution, as officers of the regular service see it. Or it may be that Major General Tasker H. Bliss, who went from Washington to San Antonio early in the week and comes to Brownsville Monday, is destined to command the sector.

However, it has been announced that General Bliss expects to stay only a few days and will return to Washington after visiting Laredo and Eagle Pass.

The Troops in Camp.

The 1st and 2d Virginia Infantry, the 1st Illinois Cavalry (an organization paralleling in personnel New York's famous Squadron A) and a strong first line of regulars are already in camp here. Regular troops of "Galloping Jim's" command include the 4th Infantry, the 36th Infantry (in process of organization), the 2d Squadron of the 1st Cavalry, Battery D of the 4th Artillery (mountain), Battery D of the 5th Artillery, with 4.7 howitzers, a company of the 1st Engineers and the 5th Field Hospital.

With the arrival of a battalion of Virginia artillery, a squadron of Illinois cavalry and a Virginia field hospital and signal corps company, the local encampment will be complete.

In the matter of equipment the Virginia troops are practically on a par with the regulars. The 1st Illinois Cavalry is also in excellent shape, although they travelled and spent their first few days on the border in heavy woolen uniforms, like those which contributed to the great number of heat exhaustion cases in the New York camps.

Say Mills Was at Fault.

Despite the insistence of the Federal quartermaster corps officers that light uniforms could have been had for the asking, the Illinoisans blame Washington for their early discomfort. They say General Mills, chief of the militia bureau, wired in response to repeated requests for cotton khaki clothing that such supplies would not be issued until the troops had reached their stations along the Rio Grande. Regular officers are loath to believe this.

When "Galloping Jim" saw the way the Illinois men were clad—which was galloped then and there to the radio station and flashed a rush requisition to the supply depot at San Antonio, and the uniforms came back by express, not freight. Heavy rains had occurred daily, as on the New York line, have turned the Brownsville camps into mud puddles, through which the Guardsmen slop in rubber boots, but the resultant discomfort is something which no degree of precedence nor preparedness could have forestalled. So the optimists of the camps have made an adaptation of that old slogan concerning the doughnut and the hole: "Don't look at the mud, look at the boots."

Food Displeases Some.

There is some complaint about the food, as at McAllen, Pharr and Mission, but it is the same garrison ration, and there is plenty of it. Some of the kicks are the result of bad cooking. Still, the men have the selection of their company cooks, just as they have in their homes.

Then, too, the men are beginning to fret over the prospect of a long period of inactivity. Such of them as have serious business and family responsibilities—and there are many of them—are not nearly so enthusiastic about militia service as they used to be. Like the New York men they have been thinking, and there is a striking similarity in the conclusions at which the men of different states have arrived.

Room for Youngsters.

"A few years ago it would have been all right," they say, "but we can't afford to be away from the job and the home folks now. The work we are doing now could be done just as well by a lot of youngsters without dependents or business worries. How to get them is the question. What do you know about this universal service missionaries who know at any rate where the big flaw is in the National Guard are going back North to preach when this cruel war, or cruel wait, is over."

Brownsville offers little more amusement to the Guardsmen than the little towns in which the New Yorkers were thrown. There are more saloons—a full dozen—but they close tight at 9:30, like those of every garrison town in the sector. In McAllen, Pharr and Mission further hardships have been undergone by those of the men who are fond of cocktails, for cocktails are not to be had. But Brownsville boasts not only the ingredients, but a couple of expert Mexican mixers.

Bridge to Mexico.

The town is built on the bank of the Rio Grande, and is connected with the Mexican city of Matamoros by the only bridge east of Laredo. Once, in the heyday of Matamoros, thousands passed to and fro over the international bridge every day. Matamoros was rich, popular and proud then. Its bull ring was the most talked about, its band no less famous than that of Mexico City itself, its night life gay, its opera as well patronized as the Metropolitan, its streets almost clean.

But the old Matamoros is gone, its bull ring into smoke, its fighting cocks into dinner pots, its band and opera on the trail of the peso that chinks no more in the unhappy Matamoros of today. Its walls are marked with the scars of a half-dozen sieges. Bombardments have razed some of its finest buildings, rotting refuse fills the streets and typhoid, smallpox and war talk are everywhere.

No Trains Over Bridge.

The railroad tracks over the international bridge have grown rusty, for no trains now pass over them. At the Mexican end a few barefooted soldiers slouch, smoking corn husk cigars. On the American side an infantry detachment, with a machine gun hidden behind a sandbag fortification, wearily waits.

Jesse Johnson, the old American Consul in Matamoros, now recalled and homesick for his old office, was down at our end of the bridge this recalled. Gazing wistfully across he didn't speak for a while. Then he said: "By the great horned toad we ought to do something for those folks! Look what's left of Matamoros—my old Matamoros!"

N. Y. U. BRANCH TO BE SHIFTED

School of Commerce to Take Over Wall Street Classes.

The Wall Street branch of the extramural division of New York University has proved so successful that, at the opening of the fall term, it will become a regular course in the curriculum of the School of Commerce. Five hundred students were enrolled last year.

In 1914 the branch was opened as an experiment. It was the purpose of the university to make possible college work for men in the financial section, whose business made it impossible for them to enroll regularly at the School of Commerce.

The transfer will not cause any change in the work.

MEXICO-AMERICA LEAGUE FORMED

Founders Plan to Apply Education as Solution for Republic's Problems.

Convinced that the underlying Mexican problem is economic, not military, the Mexico-American League has been formed by Americans and Mexicans to apply education as a remedy. Its founders are E. B. Hotchkiss, engineer; William E. Kisselburgh, former Deputy Attorney General; James Egan,

attorney; J. T. McCarrie, John D. Gluck and Hugh McAtamney, representing Emeterio de la Garza, a student of monetary reform, who helped put Mexico on a gold basis about twelve years ago.

Until August 1 Mr. de la Garza will be occupied with Chautauque lectures, but after that he intends to devote his time to the work of the league. The league has temporary offices in the Woolworth Building.

"Mexico's future is not war—it is education," he said yesterday. "Mexico has not been heard. Hitherto only the warring factions have been considered, with the pitiful result that the voice of 15,000,000 peaceful inhabitants has not reached the United States. Mexico deserves a universal audience in order that her rights may be set forth and established. She desires a return to peace, justice and liberty. Her problems are not such as the sword can eradicate; they are ages old, and the cure must be at the root."

The Mexico-American League is to have several departments, all of an

educational character. One function will be to educate Mexican youths in colleges of the United States. In charge of an industrial department will be an American expert in touch with representative Mexicans, whose duty it will be to stimulate efficiency in Mexican industries.

A financial department will provide for the interchange of ideas between Mexican and American financiers and promote closer financial relations between the two countries. Through the league's agricultural departments experts on opposite sides of the Rio Grande can exchange ideas. Another department will work for the passage of agrarian laws.

More Gold from Canada.

Another \$3,000,000 consignment of gold from Ottawa was received here yesterday by J. P. Morgan & Co. and deposited at the Assay Office, bringing the week's influx of the metal to a total of \$15,000,000. Since the movement began, on May 11, \$168,946,000 of the metal has been brought in.

50 YEARS WITH LEHIGH WINS ANNUAL PASS

Employees Half Century in Service and Wives to Ride Free.

Every employee of the Lehigh Valley Railroad who has been with the company for fifty years or more will receive an annual pass over the road, good for himself and wife, the management announced yesterday. Sixteen men in the operating department come under this head. In most cases the men have been employed in the same work in which they started.

The following have worked for the Lehigh for half a century or more: Nelson Bishop and Harry Freyberger, machinists; Bernard Moss and Daniel Hoatz, boiler-makers; Francis Baumer, watchman; Charles Brokatre, slope borer; William Noll, skilled laborer; Levi F. Wagner, car repairer; William Shuler, watchman; Patrick McGuire, crossing watchman; Patrick

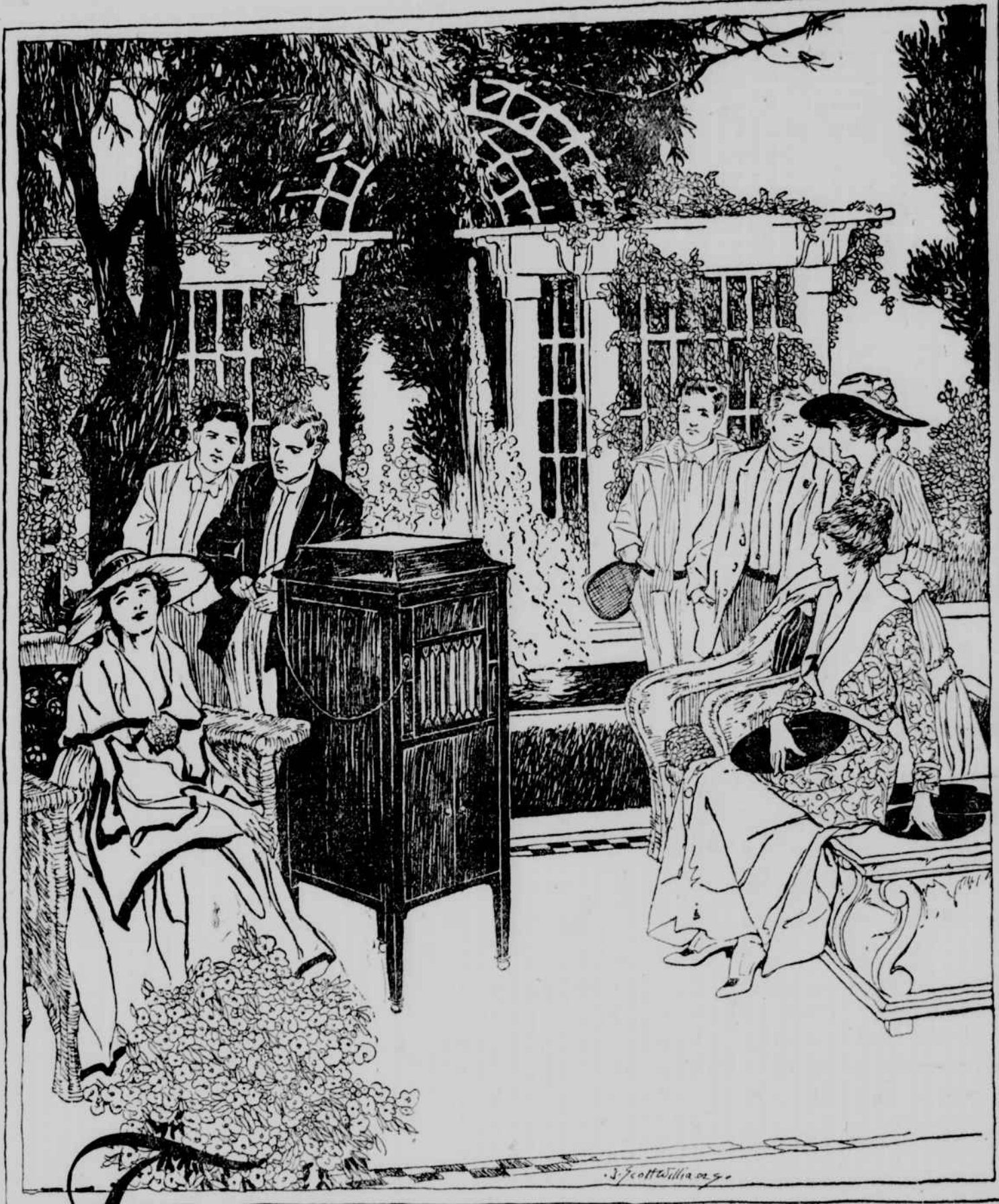
Dunphy, track walker; O. O. Morris, carpenter; James Leahy, Dubois and Michael Warren, laborers.

Man of 86 Missing Six Days.

The police of Brooklyn sent out a general alarm yesterday for Abraham Siveroff, eighty-six years old, of 38 Hinesdale Street, missing since Monday. His daughter, Cecil, said that when her father left home he said he intended to call on the Russian Consul to have him make arrangements whereby Siveroff could be sent back to Russia. The old man never called at the consul's office.

Auto Falls on Repairer.

Thomas Glennen, twenty-one years old, of 206 Humboldt Street, Williamsburg, suffered serious injuries yesterday while repairing an automobile in a garage at 235 North Tenth Street. The wheel had been removed and the car was resting on jacks when it gave away while Glennen was beneath. Several of his ribs and his left leg were broken.



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How often you have listened to a clear, full, sweetly-accented voice and wished that yours might equal it! How, in amazement at the skill of a great violinist, you have thought what a joy to possess that skill!

Now these beautiful tones of voice and instrument—this prodigious musicianly skill—are yours. With this exquisite art you may voice your thought—the wordless whisperings of your soul—the music that is in you. It is the phonograph that has made this astonishing thing possible, the latest and most remarkable development of the phonograph—the Aeolian-Vocalion.

The Vocalion has little in common with the phonograph or talking-machine with which the public has become familiar. It is truly a new musical instrument.

All the colorful tones of the human voice, all the varied notes of every instrument of the full orchestra are reflected faithfully—made to live anew by this supreme phonograph. Such clarity, sweetness and perfect purity of tone never have been possible before with any instrument of the phonograph type.

And this wonderful, natural tone, you may vary and shade, make to express your own music feeling through the revolutionary Vocalion expression control—the Graduala.

Your slightest pressure upon the Graduala finds instant answer in the music. The melody ebbs and flows as you will. Its delicate shadings are the picture of your thoughts.

There is but one way to know and fully realize the supremacy of the Vocalion—you must hear it—hear the remarkable perfection of its tone. Then you must take the Graduala and discover the fascination of making music—of building new and refreshing tonal beauty with the skill of the greatest musicians as your guide.

Scores of people every day are making this personal test of the Vocalion. We invite you to come in too, and enjoy the intensified music pleasures this great new instrument affords.

Vocalion prices are \$35 to \$350. Art Styles to \$2000. (Non-Graduala Styles \$35 to \$75).

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